

DOM

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.

ADA

1411

# POETRY

FOR THE

## DOMINION OF CANADA,

CONSISTING OF

- I. Songs of the Canadian Winter.
- II. Songs of the Morning Stars.
- III. Shouts of the Sons of God.
- IV. The Ante-mundane State.

By JAMES K. LISTON.



TORONTO:

ADAM, STEVENSON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1868.

Entered according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, in the year  
One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-eight, by JAMES K. LISTON,  
in the Office of the Registrar of the Dominion of Canada.

TORONTO :  
GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY,  
KING ST. EAST.

LITE

THE FO

TO THE  
LITERARY AND GENERAL PUBLIC  
OF THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

t, in the year  
ES K. LISTON

The  
tion of  
compo  
and t  
last m

Wh  
merits  
dian  
thousa  
fulnes  
are al  
tion, a

If  
succe  
to the  
feel g  
self a  
edific  
more

## P R E F A C E.

---

These poems were the pleasure and recreation of the Author's leisure. The first was composed during the past winter, the second and third about three years since, and the last more than twenty years since.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the merits or demerits of the Songs of the Canadian Winter, the Author is confident that thousands will know and appreciate the truthfulness of their descriptions. The three last are almost exclusively the efforts of imagination, and as such they will be judged.

If the Author, by this small work, shall succeed in giving an impulse, however slight, to the poetry of this land, he shall always feel gratified ; and if he shall secure for himself a niche, however humble, in the rising edifice of Canadian literature, he shall feel more than honoured.

## ANALY

1st—

snows;  
and its  
ture of  
the frog  
pended.  
snow.

Island ;  
Niagara  
mon to  
over the  
the cat  
gathered  
closed t  
10th—T  
tant" d  
courtshi  
fall of t  
comfort  
anticipa  
of culti  
ments.  
burden  
the fros

## ANALYSIS OF THE SONGS OF THE CANADIAN WINTER.

---

1st—The stern but gradual approaches of winter ; the first snows ; the blades dead, &c. 2nd—Partial return of solar power and its effects ; the mortality of insects, &c. 3rd—The departure of the birds ; the deer ; the bear ; the fox and the wolf ; the frogs. 4th—The navigation of the lakes and rivers suspended. 5th—The rains return, but soon change to frost and snow. 6th—Niagara described as it appears at this season ; the Island ; its durability, but certain though slow decay. 7th—Niagara ; the tower ; obedience to the laws of gravitation common to the great Niagara and the smallest rill ; the eagle flying over the cataract. 8th—Even in the days of Indian barbarism, the cataract displayed the same beauty as at present, and gathered the glories of ten thousand tributaries. 9th—It nearly closed the navigation, till art and industry produced the canal. 10th—The severity of winter in the eastern part ; the “habitant” driving his sleigh. 11th—The young French Canadian’s courtship and marriage. 12th—Clearing the backwoods ; the fall of the tree, &c. 13th—The hut of the settler and its rude comforts. 14th—The occupations of the settler’s family, and anticipated result in independence. 15th—The gradual progress of cultivation ; the orchards ; the “paring bee” and its enjoyments. 16th—The winter becomes more and more violent ; the burdened sleighs, &c. 17th—The winter sunshine ; the icicle ; the frost on the branches, &c. 18th—The city scenes of win-



## ANALYSIS OF THE SONGS OF THE CANADIAN WINTER.

ter; the pleasure sleigh-rides. 19th—The skate-rinks. 20th—The curling rinks. 21st—The masked carnival on the ice. 22nd—The ice-boats on the bay, &c. 23rd—The tubular bridge and its surroundings. 24th—The far backwoods; the beaver; the deer a prey to the Indian and the wolf; the Indian has now more destructive weapons. 25th—The raftsmen at work disturbs the deer and wolf. 26th—The larger lakes unfrozen, but in their bays; Erie, Huron, and Ontario; the light-houses. 27th—The smaller lakes and the river frozen. 28th—Quebec. 29th—Montmorenci in winter. 30th—The winter scenes below it. 31st—Fort Henry and Kingston in winter. 32nd—The River Ottawa, and the Capital of the Dominion of Canada. 33rd—The conclusion of the Songs of the Canadian Winter.

THE

Stern

When

When

O'er the

The M

Are ea

Now b

Of the

The pl

Deep i

The de

Upwar

The to

Its yel

Now o

And e

All Na

And b

N WINTER.

ks. 20th—  
on the ice.  
bular bridge  
the beaver;  
lian has now  
ork disturbs  
rozen, but in  
ises. 27th—  
ec. 29th—  
es below it.  
—The River  
33rd—The

## THE SONGS OF THE CANADIAN WINTER.

---

### I.

Stern are the notes played on the branchy pines  
When evening shades advance, and day declines ;  
When cold winds waft the winter clouds afar  
O'er the broad lakes, and shrouds the sparkling star.  
The Moon's pale crescent and the blue expanse  
Are each encurtained as the clouds advance.  
Now black-robed Night steals o'er the landscape, reft  
Of the fair flowers that Autumn's frosts have left ;  
The plough and harrow leave their furrowed lines ;  
Deep in the earth the mellow seed reclines ;  
The dews and showers descend, till, rooted fast,  
Upwards they spring, and paint with green at last  
The toil-worn field, where lately harvest gave  
Its yellow treasures in the breeze to wave.  
Now o'er the whole my sheeted snows are spread,  
And every other blade is blanched or dead ;  
All Nature wrapt in winter robes of white,  
And biting frost steals o'er the lengthened night.

## II.

Yet still the Sun will strive to change the scene,  
Melt my first snows, and yet disclose the green  
That lurks below my whitened vesture, torn  
By the bright beams that crowned the rising morn.  
Yet still descending showers will swell the rill,  
Winding impetuous down the slanting hill.  
The melting mass augments the crystal wave  
Where the wild-duck disports her plumes to lave.  
The insect tribes have died beneath the storm—  
Of every size, of every varied form.  
And on the river-lake of thousand isles  
No more the blooming tint of Autumn smiles.  
The dried, dead leaf of beech or maple gay  
Far from its parent branch is borne away.  
Downwards it speeds, to gravitation true,  
For the far confines of the briny blue ;  
And lost forever in the boundless main,  
Shall never grace a river's banks again.

## III.

The swift-winged songsters, with their summer  
chimes,  
Have all departed to the warmer climes,

Where  
And g  
The d  
And i  
The b  
And d  
The sh  
Hunt  
The fr  
Beside  
Silent  
Till su  
And sp  
And w

Now o  
No mo  
Which  
Where  
Sleep n  
Of Fran  
The hu  
Eased c

Where winter's frosts and snows are scarcely known,  
And genial skies adorn a gentler zone.  
The dun deer shelters from each danger dread,  
And in the swamps conceals his antlered head.  
The bear retires to caverns dark and drear,  
And dreams away the coldest of the year.  
The sly fox lurks, and wolf at midnight howls,  
Hunt for their prey, and steal the farmer's fowls.  
The frogs and lizards leap and croak no more  
Beside the margin of the swampy shore ;  
Silent and dormant, in their wintry bed,  
Till summer suns again shall on them shed,  
And sparkling beams shall o'er the waters play,  
And waves and ripples dance the live-long day.

## IV.

Now on the lakes, and down St. Lawrence wide,  
No more the steamers rush to meet the tide  
Which swells that river past the bloody plain  
Where the two hostile chiefs, in battle slain,  
Sleep near the sod which once the banners bore  
Of France and Britain—now at war no more.  
The humbler crafts, impelled beneath the gale,  
Eased of their cargoes and their needful sail,

Now rest unsteered, moored in their harbour home,  
And keels no longer cut the boiling foam.  
Thus art and nature each prepare to meet  
The covering cold of Winter's winding-sheet.

## V.

Down, down the rain falls on the mellow soil,  
So oft upturned beneath the farmer's toil.  
The cold, wet winds, with sleety showers, descend,  
That plainly show the year is near its end ; \*  
And then the snow-flakes drift along the plain,  
And all is white—in winter robes again.  
Thus is the aged year like manhood past,  
Hoary and stiff, and silver-crowned at last.  
The bays and rivers locked in icy bonds,  
And playful urchins crowd the frozen ponds ;  
Their tiny sleighs slide down the slopes with speed  
And stain the whiteness of the snow-clad mead.

## VI.

White-throned Niagara, since the birth of time,  
Down the abyss has poured his foam sublime,  
Tearing the steep with ever-trembling tone,  
And even imparting to the solid stone

A vibrate power, which strikes the stranger near  
With an emotion much allied to fear.  
Even here the influence of the winter wind  
Displays the trophies of his wars behind;  
Large blocks of ice come floating down the spray,  
And plunge impetuous in their watery way.  
The waters parted by the foam-girt isle,  
That still endures the shock, and seems to smile  
In wintry verdure, with its e'ergreen pines,  
Beneath the mist and rainbow still reclines,  
Seeming defiant of the liquid storms,  
In all their wrath and all their changing forms.  
Hail, rain and snow, and icy floods, in vain  
Sweep past continuous to the distant main;  
Still leave it seated in the silver spray,  
Doomed to a certain but a slow decay.

## VII.

The tower still trembles o'er the watery war,  
O'erlooks the whirling eddies and the jar  
Of trembling torrents, and of drifted wood,  
Fast floated down the ever-hastening flood;  
Each drop, each particle of liquid pure  
Threads down its destined path unstrayed and sure,

To gravitation's laws obedient still,  
In grand Niagara and the meanest rill.  
The water-fowl with fearless wing can soar  
Amid this misty storm and angry roar ;  
The eagle, in his altitude on high,  
Views these rough dangers with intrepid eye,  
And in gyrations round the scene sublime,  
In aerial regions o'er the Falls can climb.

## VIII.

Here, in the days of Indian councils rude, [wood  
When the red man went wandering through the  
When deer were hunted, and when wolves were  
slain,  
And the horned herd were grazing on the plain,  
Ere steamer's walking-beams or wheels had plied  
Across the deep, despite of wind or tide,  
The great Niagara leapt the steep sublime,  
Beside no village spire or curfew's chime,  
And never for a moment was at rest,  
But poured its beauties on the savage breast :  
Gathered the glories of ten thousand streams,  
And laid their laurels in the mid-day beams.

## IX.

It nearly closed the commerce of the world,  
For here no sail could ever be unfurled ;  
Its rippling waters, and their rapid flow,  
Kept sails and steamers in the waves below,  
Till by both art and industry combined,  
And deep resources of the human mind,  
A watery channel safe around the hill  
Was made convenient by Canadian skill ;  
And the two lakes are joined in bonds of trade,  
Despite the closure which the Falls had made.  
Yet winter now again has shut the door,  
And now our fleets can scale the steep no more  
Till summer suns shall melt the feeder streams  
By the strong pressure of meridian beams ;  
And all along the village-crowded shores  
Commerce again shall pour its varied stores.

## X.

Down the St. Lawrence winter storms begin,  
Deep, deep the snows, and hard the frost sets in ;  
The smaller streamlets first to cease to flow,  
And often buried in the drifted snow.  
The "habitant," with capote snug and warm,



Drives his rude sleigh, and battles with the storm ;  
His smart, small palfreys gallop gayly by  
The well-filled barns that near the road may lie ;  
He pours his patois French in ditties gay,  
And love or war beguiles the whitened way.  
He bears the produce of his native soil,  
Wrung from its surface by his summer's toil,  
To swell the commerce of St. Lawrence shore,  
Waiting till spring shall melt its waves once more.

## XI.

The young Canadian reins his "beau cheval"  
At morn to mass; at eve his blushing belle  
Claims his attendance, as the evening wanes,  
And dance and music charm the rural swains.  
The violin and song by turns invite  
The mirthful dalliance of the "Dimanche" night.  
He homeward hies, and boasts for many a day  
Of his smart palfrey, and his lady gay ;  
Till won at last, she yields a sweet consent,  
Her home for his to change is well content ;  
First to the Notary, then to church they go,  
Followed by jingling sleighs—a gallant show.  
Each holds its couple, male and female, there,

e storm ; married or single, yet a warm-clad pair.  
 he snow-storm rages o'er the beaten road,  
 ay lie ; but on they drive their double living load ;  
 rom house to house, from "Auberge" to the farm,  
 ay. they make both swains and matrons hear the charm  
 Where beaux and belles, and wives and husbands  
 toil, ride  
 ore, to grace the nuptials of the beauteous bride.  
 nce more.

## XII.

eaval" now in the primal woods the axe resounds,  
 lle and the tall pine receives its mortal wounds ;  
 anes, stroke on stroke disturbs the silent snow,  
 wains. The wound enlarges by each well-aimed blow.  
 The forest giant shakes in all his might,  
 and crashing falls beneath his dispoised weight,  
 e" night. and quickly carries to the branches bent,  
 a day hat strive in vain to stop his sure descent,  
 ent, swift and certain ruin with rebound,  
 ent ; and echoing woods repeat the thundering sound ;  
 go, apt of his limbs, and squared and hewn he lies,  
 show. o human kind a good but hard-won prize.  
 there, oon is made to raise the sheltering home,  
 o'er the seas afar is doomed to roam,

To build the bark, or to adorn the hall,  
Raised from the ruins of a forest fall.  
His roots remain to meet a slow decay,  
And mend the soil when sown some future day.

## XIII.

The rising hut of logs prepared with skill,  
Beside the shelter of some neighbouring hill,  
The "settler's" home, of rude construction, stands  
The quick achievement of the neighbouring hands  
Its sloping roof, of plank or shingle form,  
Defies the dashes of the downward storm.  
Rude as it seems to the fastidious eye,  
Is still a home where many comforts lie,  
Where humble worth can rest from healthful toil  
And eat the products of the generous soil;  
Where female charms and virtues can expand  
Beside the bounties of the well-cleared land,  
And honest labour independence win,  
Far from the haunts of idleness and sin.

## XIV.

Here hardy youths soon learn the axe to wield,  
And drive the steers athwart the frosted field,

Or pil  
Which  
Here  
The h  
To bea  
While  
Here  
A help  
In pea  
The ch  
When  
And th

Thus t  
Does c  
And w  
Upheld  
Sour an  
Or usef  
Up gro  
And pe  
And th  
And yo

Or pile the firewood on the burdened sleigh,  
Which bears its needful weight the homeward way.  
Here beauteous maidens, household work within  
The homely hut, soon learn to knit and spin,  
To beat the churn, or weave the garment warm,  
While sons and fathers face the bickering storm.  
Here mothers nurse the darling babe, and give  
A helping hand, that all within may live  
In peaceful comfort, and delighted see  
The charms of independence yet to be,—  
When the fair farm is cleared, and debts discharged,  
And the home comforts more and more enlarged.

## XV.

Thus through the primal forest, day by day,  
Does cultivation plod its onward way,  
And where the sturdy oak, or stately pine,  
Upheld the creeping tendrils of a vine  
Sour and unfit for vintage or for grape,  
Or useful to mankind in either shape,  
Up grows the orchard, where the apples bloom,  
And pear and peach their different shapes assume.  
And the scene brightens as the orchards thrive,  
And youths and maidens ply the knife, and strive

To pass the hours in lightsome work or play,  
After the rougher labours of the day ;  
And "paring bees" add many a jocund charm  
To the home comforts of a rising farm.

## XVI.

Yet still stern winter drives along the plain,  
And deep and deeper still the snows remain.  
The sleigh-bells ring to warn the passer-by  
That horses haste with heavy burdens nigh.  
The housetops loaded, and the roads uneven,  
And dark and dismal is the vault of Heaven.  
Still, still descending flakes bestrew the lanes  
As the day darkens and the evening wanes.  
But though the night is dark, the landscape's white,  
And counterworks the darkness of the night.  
Though moon and stars are shrouded in the haze  
That now can intercept their midnight blaze,  
Yet teams can travel o'er the well-worn way,  
And carry produce townwards night and day ;  
And all converging on the crowded port,  
Where farmers' produce meets of every sort,  
And is exchanged for European gold,  
Transported eastwards, and is there resold.

## XVII.

Even now the winter sun can gild the scene,  
When parted clouds disclose the blue between,  
And gather glory for his mid-day blaze,  
Dispersing quite the darkness and the haze.  
No more the snows descend, the heavens are cleared,  
And the white landscape all around is cheered.  
The icicle drops a dissolving tear  
O'er the first symptoms of the softening year.  
But still persistent Frost asserts his reign,  
And the cold nights will dry these tears again,  
And heat and cold contend for many a day  
For the dominion of the well-worn way.  
The brilliant beauty of the frosted pines,  
With all their branchlets wreathed in silver lines,  
Shed threads of sunshine on the softening snow,  
And give mild halo to the scenes below.

## XVIII.

Yet still the city scenes of Winter's reign  
Rival his blast upon the rural plain;  
And sleighs of varied tint, and every form,  
Are driven with speed, despite the bickering storm.  
The merry bells, of varied size and tone,

Give music of a kind that's all their own.  
Beauty and fashion, clad in warm attire,  
Glide o'er the snow, and sometimes through the mire.  
What rare delight the youths and maidens find  
Through the gay streets in Winter's chilly wind ;  
Or when the sun's bright glistening glory shines  
Along the streets, in varied coloured lines,  
Each turn, each angle, shows some new delight  
In the bright sunshine, or the twinkling night ;  
And many a tale of truthful love is told,  
That summer's suns shall afterwards unfold.

## XIX.

Yet winter here gives blither scenes than these,  
Which age and youth and childhood even can  
please.

O'er the smooth surface of the icy plain,  
Where danger never lurks in pleasure's train ;  
Here youthful forms can quickly turn or glide,  
And quick traverse the rink from side to side ;  
Here tender maidens, with their steel-shod feet,  
Can on the ice their beaux and gallants meet,  
And on some nights of carnival and fun,  
To the soft music through the waltzes run,

And blithely beat their limbs to time and tune,  
Under the gentle glimpses of the moon ;  
And down the dance most nimbly trips the fair,  
Embreathing health from Winter's frosty air.  
Even childhood here its tiny limbs can ply,  
And o'er the ice its lightsome form can fly,  
And weave its gambols on the frozen plain,  
And to the nurse's care return again.

## XX.

And this same scene allows the grey-haired Scot  
O'er the same plain to send the curling shot,  
And here renew the game his native clime  
Rejoiced to witness in his youthful prime ;  
And chiselled stones athwart the slippery floor,  
And count with keenness each successful score ;  
And to the game to give a keener zest,  
All distant rinks to come and try their best.  
And side by side, in friendly contest keen,  
Gots from far distant rinks may here be seen  
Watching the stone along the slippery way,  
Sweeping with broom to give it fairer play ;  
And crown the contest o'er with feast and song,  
And cheerful mirth to morning hours prolong.



## XXI.

And there are rinks that crowd the frosted plain,  
With revels brought from Italy or Spain,  
Where male and female masked, and in attire  
Of fancied characters, will even aspire  
To ape the antics of barbaric times,  
And don habiliments of foreign climes,  
Disguised as Mandarin, Turk, or bearded Jew,  
Like queen or shepherdess ;—their costume, too,  
So well arranged, that none can ever know  
Which is the belle, or which the gallant beau.  
Some dressed like devil, some like knight or squire  
Some like a dragon breathing mimic fire ;  
Some may be seen like Hamlet, dressed in black,  
And bold Don Quixote—Sancho at his back ;  
And wilder still, to give surprise a shock,  
One skated round just like a cabbage stock.  
With such-like capers here the slippery stage  
Mocks the historic and histrionic page.

## XXII.

Still there are some who seek for wider play,  
And dare the dangers of the frozen bay.  
Some in the ice-boat, as its sails expand,

Will shun the safety of the solid land,  
 And swiftly skim along the hardened wave,  
 And all its dangers for amusement brave ;  
 And with advantage of a favouring wind,  
 Will leave the swiftest skater far behind ;  
 Steering and tacking with consummate skill,  
 Make the light bark obedient to their will.  
 The icy field may crack and groan and roar,  
 Still will they leave the safety of the shore,  
 And sit at ease, though driven with matchless speed,  
 Far from a helping hand in time of need.  
 Such are the schemes by which we cheat the time  
 Of winter in this cold Canadian clime,  
 And many of our pleasure-seekers sigh  
 When winter and its games have glided by ;  
 And some will languish in the warmest day  
 For the cold capers of the frozen bay.

## XXIII.

The wondrous bridge of tubes presents a scene  
 In winter, down the rapids of Lachine,  
 Where blocks on blocks of ice confusedly pile,  
 And graze the shores of each romantic isle.  
 The Isle of Nuns, the Isle of Devils there

Are each encased, and each must take its share  
Of rude embraces from the hardened wave,  
Which the warm summers gently round them lave  
And beat the river's banks on either side,  
Where the rude rapids rush to meet the tide.  
But where the river widens out below,  
The levelled waters there more gently flow.  
In winter there's a large and icy space,  
Where teams can travel at the swiftest pace ;  
Taverns are built, and huckster stands are piled  
With various products, in the winter wild,  
Culled from the garden or the autumn field,  
Or what the cooks or baker shops can yield.  
Liquors and wines, and ales and beers are there,  
With all the sequents of a country fair,  
Heaped in confusion on the hardened brim,  
Where but a team can drive or skate can skim.

## XXIV.

But now we'll leave a while these icy floods,  
And sing the winter of the wild back-woods,  
Where the wise beaver—pioneer of man—  
Makes his small lakelet where the streamlet ran,  
And builds his cities round the bridled stream,

Where the brown musk-rat loves to swim and  
scream.

Here Winter reigns alone, and launches forth  
His fiercest blasts from out the frosty North ;  
Here Nature weaves her wildest winter song,  
And drives in dreary march the woods along ;  
The snowdrifts gather round the leafless trees,  
Whose trunks and branches check the biting breeze.  
Twas here the wild deer ran for many a day,  
To the rude Indian and the wolf a prey ;  
And here the red man raised his rude wigwam,  
Traversed the woods, and o'er the rivers swam.  
Hunting and war were then his only trade,—  
His bows and arrows from these woods were made ;  
How he can make the bullet bathe in blood,  
Propelled by powder through the startled wood ;  
How soon he learned destruction's direst art,  
To give loud utterance to his cruel heart.

## XXV.

In the far West the hardy raftsmen build  
His homely cabin on his floating fields,—  
His raft well furnished both with sails and oars,  
To keep from grounding on the shallow shores

Of the grand Ottawa ;—by its currents driven,  
He needs no guidance from the lights of heaven.  
Patient he works and waits for many a day,  
Till winter's frosts and ice have cleared away.  
His axe resounding through the frosty air,  
Startles the wild deer in his winter lair.  
The wolf, too, listens in his dismal den,  
Howls as he hears the near approach of men ;  
Even now anticipates the sentence dread  
That puts a price on his devoted head,  
And howls again with hunger and despair,  
And strikes the stillness of the midnight air.  
The whole wide landscape whitened by the frost,  
All other colours for the time seem lost.

## XXVI.

Still the broad lakes maintain their liquid form,  
Seldom are calm, and often rise in storm ;  
The calmer bays the frost has firmly bound,  
The softer snows have clothed the shores around.  
No ships can now upon the billows ride  
From Western harbours to the Atlantic tide.  
Big swelling surges, desolate and drear,  
Sing like the requiem of the by-past year.

Cold, cold the winds blow o'er the western wave,  
 Where many a seaman found a watery grave.  
 Erie's long shallows, and Ontario's deep,  
 A dismal wail-wake all the winter keep;  
 And on rough Huron storms on storms prevail,  
 To dare the steamer and the gentler sail.  
 Still on each headland burns the beacon blaze,  
 Piercing the darkness and the midnight haze;  
 Bidding the edges of the foam-tipped wave,  
 Brights the foam-furrow of some sailor's grave.

## XXVII.

The smaller lakes are still, and frozen lie  
 Beneath the watch towers of the winter sky.  
 Simcoe is silent, and St. Clair lies still,  
 Shadowing the form of each surrounding hill.  
 And the great river, too, that meets the main,  
 Lies cold and lifeless, bound in winter's chain.  
 Each turn, each winding holds its icy sheet  
 To where the fresh and salted waters meet,  
 And where the steamer's wheels in summer ply,  
 The sleigh-bells jingle, and the hoofs rush by.  
 And where the wavelets gently kissed the shore,  
 The ice-fields split and crack, and groan and roar.

And at each point of land and delta bar,  
Where tribute waters enter from afar,  
No water-lilies now the weeds adorn,  
Catching the sunbeam of the rising morn. [grow  
Long they've been buried, long they've ceased to  
Their dormant roots concealed beneath the snow,  
Till spring returns, with vivifying power,  
And paints afresh with warmer sun and shower.  
Nature again in verdant robes shall smile,  
And bathe in beauty each enfrosted isle.

## XXVIII.

Quebec's rough ramparts sternly face the main,  
And winter's storms and blasts may blow in vain  
O'er those proud towers which, clothed in winter  
pale,  
O'erlook the river and the distant vale.  
Abram's once bloody plains, white-sheeted o'er,  
Even now can echo back the cannon's roar;  
And where the river bore the summer sail,  
Now crowds on crowds employ the iron rail;  
And runners now usurp the place of keels,  
And travel faster than the swiftest wheels.  
But far aloft, the Fort's majestic form

Calmly presides in sunshine as in storm,  
 And braves Britannia's foes on either side,  
 And points her thunders up and down the tide,  
 Flaunts her free flag of glory in the air,  
 And tells that Britain's powerful arm is there.

## XXIX.

Tall Montmorenci—giant of the storm—  
 In silver robes erects his stalwart form,  
 Gathering his glory in the sunbeam's glare,  
 Pealing his anthem through the frosty air,  
 Dazzling in brightness o'er the frozen tide,  
 Cased in his ice-towers built on either side,  
 Shakes his white locks, and sprinkles with the spray  
 The frosted basements of his wintry way.  
 Day after day the drops descending freeze,  
 Gathering a glacier higher than the trees  
 That leafless now adorn his either side,  
 Shorn of the vestments of their summer pride.  
 Yet still the cataract o'erlooks the top,  
 And never for a moment makes a stop,  
 But floods on floods unceasingly descend,  
 And winter's wrath can ne'er his march suspend.  
 Still the cone glacier stands unscathed before,



With slanting sides, can touch on either shore,  
And many a spring, and many a summer sun  
Shall spend its beams ere it will melt and run.

## XXX.

Still, still St. Lawrence winds his icy chain  
Round wood and mountain to the distant main,  
Sprinkled with isles of every size and shape,  
From Montmorenci to the stormy Cape; [storm,  
From where cold Gaspé braves the Gulf's rude  
And Anticosti rears his sylvan form.  
These lonely wilds, how desolate and drear,  
Even at the warmest season of the year;  
But now, when winter reigns and sits supreme  
O'er the wide waters of St. Lawrence stream,  
Icy and still old Nature holds her plan,  
With scarce a vestige of the haunts of man.  
Yet time shall coïne when Nature's self shall yield  
Her barren sceptre to the fruitful field,  
When grains shall grow, and vegetable blades  
Shall spread their green beneath autumnal shades  
Cities shall rise and swarm with human life,  
Commerce and law maintain their daily strife;  
And ships which now pass onward to the West  
Shall even here find harbour, trade and rest.

## XXXI.

more,  
 sun  
 run.  
 in  
 main,  
 ape,  
 [storm,  
 ulf's rude  
 ear,  
 preme  
 team,  
 an.  
 shall yield  
 blades  
 nal shades  
 n life,  
 y strife;  
 he West  
 rest.

Fort Henry, too, in winter bristles round,  
 Even now can utter out a warlike sound,  
 Guards the Lake's exit with an iron shower;  
 Snow-clad by storms, its hoary-frosted tower  
 Can deal destruction round on every side—  
 To landward traitor or across the tide,—  
 Pointing its terrors on presumptuous foes,  
 That loyal men in safety may repose,  
 Safe from surprise, or sudden call to arm,  
 To cultivate in peace the fruitful farm,  
 Or all make ready, well prepared to fight,  
 Rallied around the British banner bright.  
 Old Frontenac lies edged with frost and snow,  
 Rising majestic from the waves below,  
 Where Rideau joins his waters to the flood  
 So often dyed with drops of warrior's blood.  
 But let us hope that nations bound by ties  
 Of kindred origin no more will rise  
 To spoil each other's hearths and homes again,  
 Or meet in hostile ships upon the main.

## XXXII.

Dark Ottawa, too, is bound in Winter's chains

Far Northward through the woodland's wild  
domains ;

And mighty tribute to St. Lawrence pours  
From fruitful valleys, and past winding shores,  
And on its banks majestic rises grand  
The ruling city of this favoured land,  
Where princely halls of legislative state  
Stand where rude Indian councils held debate.  
Here, too, a fortress strong o'erlooks the vale,  
With all its casemates clad in Winter's mail.  
No rafts can now descend the rapids wild,  
Nor barges with their timber-burdens piled.  
The whole romantic scene is mute and still—  
The giant river and its tribute rill  
Send not the weakest wave to wash the shore,  
Or add their echoes to the cannon's roar,  
When the great Viceroy of Victoria comes,  
And Britain's warriors beat their hollow drums.

## XXXIII.

But now the shorter night and longer day  
Make winter and his frost to pass away.  
The stream—like serpent—casts its winter skin,  
And they who tempt its ice may chance fall in;

And long St. Lawrence and its tributes yield  
The prized possession of their winter shield.  
The ships begin to trim their summer sails,  
And sparkling waves succeed to Winter's wails;  
The melting snows augment the stagnant pool—  
The fields are moistened, and the air is cool;  
The summer songsters leap along the lawn,  
And cheer the landscape as the mornings dawn;  
The blasts retire back to their native North,  
And all the glory of the sun beams forth;  
And Winter leaves us with a softer strain,  
And leafless trees begin to bud again.  
Nature, re-clothed, resumes her varied hues,  
And life and beauty through her veins diffuse;  
The echoes linger of the last sleigh bell,  
And seem to bid the Winter Songs farewell.

## ANALY

Address

Nothing

those of

their light

Sun. 22

called the

revolution

they recip

independ

now filled

Alternate

uns; each

to spare

yet never

top of a

many col

Also many

a position

them to t

by the lap

earth and

carry son

th—Lam

olation in

the Hand

## ANALYSIS OF THE SONGS OF THE MORNING STARS.

---

Address to the Morning Stars. Song 1st—The reign of Nothing ended and Starlight begins ; their beams mix with those of the Moon ; the whole of the Earth's surface partakes of their light ; the Stars depart and give place to the light of the Sun. 2nd—The Stars exhort each other to praise God, who called them at first into being ; their varied sizes, distances and revolutions. 3rd—The rigid laws of gravitation and propulsion ; they reciprocally supply the proper amount of force ; the Stars independent of the storms below. 4th—Space, so long void, is now filled with orbs of light ; the Comets. 5th—The uses of alternate day and night. 6th—Dark worlds surrounding bright suns ; each takes its proper share of the light, and yet has some to spare for the others ; light and heat never cease to run, yet never intercept or interrupt the planetary motions ; the stop of a single moment would be fatal. 7th—The world has many colours, but the starry sky only blue and gold ; it has also many shapes, but the Stars are all round, though they vary in position ; groups, lines and triangles ; imagination likens them to things on earth. 8th—The starry heavens unaffected by the lapse of years, though the Moon increases and wanes ; the Earth and Moon eclipse each other, but the Stars do not ; the starry song shall never cease till the heavens shall pass away. 9th—Lament on the dissolution of the present system, but consolation in the hope of a new heaven and a new earth. 10th—The Hand that made them never shall decay, but shall raise

## ANALYSIS OF THE SONGS OF THE MORNING STARS.

fresh wonders ; new Stars, &c. 11th—None can invade the starry heavens, or interrupt the Songs of the Stars. 12th—Stars never seem to rise higher or fall lower ; they touch gently on the ocean ; their image buried in the briny deep, &c. 13th—Starlight helps the beasts of prey to hunt their game ; the Lion and Giraffe. 14th—The Stars' Address to the Astronomers on their vain attempt to count their number. 15th—The influence of the Stars on the polar regions ; the Sun deserts them for six months, but the Stars remain to cheer them. 16th—A Vessel destroyed in the ice ; amidst all these dangers, the Stars remain safe, and continue their Songs. 17th—The equatorial climes ; the caravan lost in the sandy desert. 18th—The happier climates of the tropics, and their fruitfulness, but even there the Stars impart some beauty. 19th—The temperate climates. 20th—The night scene after a battle ; the Stars unharmed and harmless. 21st—The night scene after a sea fight. 22nd—The dreadful effect of the news on the relatives of the slain. 23rd—The paths of the Stars unerring ; they spread the knowledge of the Divine power and goodness. The conclusion of the Songs of the Morning Stars, &c.

THE

Ye glit

And w

And in

Save m

O let m

That sp

Let me

That ci

And pr

And die

When I

Silen

Yet swe

t tells

O'erflow

bo

Which

G STARS.

invade the

12th—Star

ch gently o

&c. 13th—

ne ; the Lion

Astronomers

The influence

s them for si

3th—A Vesse

e Stars remain

torial climes

ppier climate

here the Star

ates. 20th—

ned and harm

22nd—Th

slain. 23rd—

e knowledge o

n of the Song

## THE SONGS OF THE MORNING STARS.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

Ye glittering orbs that light unnumbered worlds,

And with your beams bestrew the Lactéal Way,

And in the absence of the solar power

Save many a sylvan scene from total gloom,

O let me list a while your Morning Songs,

That spread the glory of your Maker's power!

Let me but catch the cadence of those notes

That circling roll around this puny ball,

And prelude Morning's light without a pause,

And die so sweetly in the orient blaze

When Morning dawns upon a new-born day.

Silent, indeed, ye seem to vulgar gaze,

Yet sweet and solemn is that silent song;

It tells of Power unbounded, and of Love—

O'erflowing Love,—Love bursting through the  
bounds

Which finite vision sets to the Supreme.



How ceaseless is your song ! The earth all round  
From age to age, has heard it, and it still  
Reverberates and echoes through the vast  
Unmeasured infinite, and lights on earth  
To tell the story of your natal day,  
When from the wondrous ante-mundane void  
Ye sprang, to sing forever to His praise  
Who gives you voice and melody each morn.  
Are not your voices heard amidst the din  
Of this contending, artificial world ?  
Where gold, and fame, and princely power in turns  
Distract the mind, that fain would rise to Him  
Of whom ye sing with harmony unpaused.

Yes, ye are heard ! your voice has pierced the hum  
Of this vain world, and reached the Poet's bower !  
And stirred the strings of poesy a while,  
And given a foretaste of those nobler songs  
Which ceaselessly shall stream from seraph lyres,  
And maké Eternity seem far too short  
To sing the wonders of Creative power.

Sing on ! sing on ! the solar ray begins  
To draw its golden curtains round your choirs,  
And soon the din of trade, and toil, and care,  
And earthly pomp, and earthly joy or woe,

all round. Shall drown those tones so eloquently poured  
 Upon a sleeping and a waking world.  
 Six thousand years have rolled, and yet the strain  
 Is still renewed, and serenades in turn  
 Each clime, each altitude, and makes the Night—  
 The solemn Night—melodious with your Songs.

## SONG I.

No more, no more the night of Nothing reigns,  
 And starlight streams upon these lovely plains;  
 We send our beams to aid Night's silver Queen,  
 Lest total darkness else might supervene.  
 With ours the moonbeams mix, and darkness flies  
 From every portion of these gilded skies;  
 The etherial vast, transparent, deep, deep blue,  
 Transmits our nightly blaze untarnished through  
 The atmospheric veil, and lights all round  
 Earth's shores and mountains, and even Ocean's  
 bound.  
 Its shores and rocks, and all its foam-tipped waves,  
 Its coral reefs, and even its grotto caves,  
 Are gently pierced, though not with solar power,  
 Far better fitted to the noon-tide hour,  
 When we have passed in other climes to play

A second note to louder songs of Day.  
Thus light and darkness, with alternate change,  
Includes all nature in their wondrous range.

## II.

Come let us sing, and sing in every zone,  
The Power that reigns Omnipotent alone ;  
Tell of the wonders which from Nothing sprang,  
When through the void His voice creative rang.  
The vast void heard it, and obedient came  
Those globes of light, those worlds of every name  
Of varied size, of varied distance, too,  
Rolled and revolved with Time, exact and true,  
Dispensing light and shade in all their forms,  
Dispensing heat and cold, and raging storms.

## III.

Hail, gravitation ! that mysterious cause  
That rules all Nature with most rigid laws,  
That holds each atom in each atom's place,  
And guides us round in our mysterious race ;  
And thou, Propulsive Power, that makes each Star  
In the wide space to move without one jar,  
That no confusion for a moment can

Disturb the harmony of Heaven's high plan,  
 But each to each the needful force supplies,  
 To prompt our motions through the yielding skies.  
 Thus move we on, whilst all the world below  
 Is oft disturbed as storms and whirlwinds blow ;  
 Thus move we on with steady steps, and run  
 And light the earth in absence of the Sun :  
 Thunders and lightnings jar the vault a while,  
 But still we shine, and its dark nights beguile.  
 No sublunary force can change our way—  
 Firm fixed in our high seats we steadfast stay ;  
 Each in his rolling car can smile at storms,  
 And still defy Earth's change in all its forms.

## IV.

The endless waste, so long unformed and void,  
 Is now with brilliant orbs of light supplied ;  
 Varied in size, in glory differing still,  
 They all were measured by that Sovereign Will  
 That rules all worlds, and numbers every star,  
 And calls the wandering comets from afar  
 To spread their lighted trains o'er half the sky,  
 Till in the solar blaze they fade and die.  
 No! they die not, but bathe beneath his beam,

And soon emerge from out that amber stream ;  
Soon journeying out again, ne'er miss the track,  
For gravitation soon shall send them back  
To spread the glory to each distant world,—  
With force augmented, on and on they're hurled.

## V.

Thus do the gentler glories of the night  
Restrain the exuberance of the solar light ;  
Else scorched and bare each circling globe would be  
Perhaps one side o'erwhelmed in flood and sea,  
One side too cold, the other scorched and dry—  
A changeless, lifeless, dull, insipid sky ;  
All in confusion soon would be involved :  
If life were there, life soon would be dissolved.

## VI.

Thus wondrous Wisdom rules and tempers all,  
And puts dark worlds beside each fiery ball ;  
Each World revolving takes its proper share,  
And yet for other Worlds has some to spare ;  
For light and heat can never cease to run,  
But glide from World to World, from Sun to Sun.  
From these unfailing fountains still it pours,

cream ; And warms Earth's mountains, vales, and seas, and  
 e track, shores ;  
 ek But though it pours in lines direct and strong,  
 d,— None's intercepted as it speeds along,  
 e hurled. But each can roll, and each can still display  
 The self-same circles on its unmarked way,  
 leaving no track to guide it round again—  
 its paths are certain through the ethereal main ;  
 ht ; For should it but one moment make a stop,  
 e would be Down on its central orb it soon should drop,—  
 and sea, its self-propulsion would forever die,  
 and dry— and leave its place a blank upon the sky.

## VII.

d :  
 ssolved. The World its thousand colours can unfold,  
 We've only two—we've only blue and gold ;  
 The World has many a shape, we've only one—  
 We all are round, and modelled on the Sun.  
 pers all, Though uniform in shape, we vary all  
 ball ; in relative position round this ball ;  
 share, Sometimes we stand in groups, sometimes in lines,  
 spare ; triangles here we form, there magic signs,  
 un, Which strong imagination might contrive  
 Sun to Sun. To shape like forms on Earth, even things alive,  
 pours,

Like bears or lions, serpents, trees or stones,  
Like beasts of every kind throughout her zones ;  
Like crowns or helmets, swords, or spears, or shields  
Like ploughs or chariots moving o'er our fields.  
But yet whate'er our shape, where'er we stand,  
We light diffuse that reaches every land ;  
Alike the torrid and the frigid climes  
Partake the bounty of our blaze betimes ;  
And though to light the Day we ne'er presume,  
The darkened vault of Heaven we quick relume ;  
Save sublunary scenes from dark dismay  
Till orient Morning ushers back the Day.

## VIII.

We run, and roll, and shine, and yet our spheres  
Are unaffected by the lapse of years.  
All sublunary things increase and wane,  
Like tides which sink and raise the watery main.  
The Moon herself in crescent sometimes shines,  
The Moon herself increases and declines ;  
She disappears each month below the wave—  
A dimmed horizon marks her watery grave ;  
But still we Stars adorn Night's dome and arch,  
And o'er the circling round we proudly march.

nes, The Earth and Moon each other's light can mar,  
 r zones ; But that can ne'er befall a single Star.  
 or shields The clouds sometimes exclude our gentle ray ;  
 r fields. Soon we'll be wrapt up in the beams of Day ;  
 e stand, But though suspended oft our solemn song,  
 ; It never was, nor will be, silent long,  
 s ; Till with a noise the Heavens shall pass away,  
 presume, When elements with heat intense decay,  
 k relume ; And Earth and Ocean each in fire involved,  
 y And all our present systems are dissolved.

## IX.

Ah! sad, sad thought, that all these fires which burn,  
 And light and cheer each latitude in turn,  
 ur spheres shall be forever quenched, and sing no more  
 To check the rudeness of the Ocean's roar ;  
 e, That all the glory of these lamps on high  
 tery main. shall be at once extinct, and droop and die.  
 es shines, But though these wonders soon shall disappear,  
 es ; God's hand another Heaven soon shall uprear ;  
 wave— another Heaven its glories shall unfold,  
 grave ; another Earth, more beauteous to behold ;  
 and arch, Compared with this, more brightly both shall shine,  
 y march. Made by the same Omnific hand Divine.



## X.

But though these works of His shall flee away,  
The Hand that made us never shall decay ;  
Its self-existent, uncreated might  
Shall order all things, and shall order right.  
Progressive movement, stamped on all below,  
Shall make creation bright and brighter glow ;  
New worlds shall roll, new stars in Heaven shall  
shine,  
To show His might and energy Divine.  
His praise shall sound in many a distant sphere  
Of moving temples, which His hand shall rear.  
No measured bounds His power and wisdom know-  
With His wide bounty all creations flow.  
New Suns shall warm, new Moons shall cheer the  
Night,  
New Stars shall twinkle, and diffuse new light.  
Though all things seen shall be dissolved in fire,  
The voice creative never shall expire,  
But call creations from the womb of Time,  
And paint fresh colours on the scene sublime.

## XI.

But still our present is a glorious song ;  
To us alone Heaven's orchestras belong.

No earthly power can our bright realms invade,  
No earthly shadow casts us in the shade ;  
No harm can reach us on our sapphire thrones,  
No human voice can interrupt our tones.  
The whole creation hears our solemn song ;  
We cheer the planets as they march along ;  
Light we dispense, but light we never lose,  
But all its blessings largely we diffuse.  
The Northern Lights may come in flickering forms,  
The Northern Lights may come and tell of storms ;  
But far above their influence still we fly,  
And hold the highest places in the sky.

## XII.

Serene we smile each night upon your ball,  
Never rise higher, and no lower fall ;  
We touch so gently on the liquid deep,  
We ne'er disturb its calm and placid sleep ;  
Our bright, bright image buried in its brine,  
Sunk and inverted, yet it still can shine ;  
But when the deep begins to heave and roar  
We flicker o'er the waves which wash the shore,  
And gild the silvery currents as they fly,  
With golden glory gathered in the sky.

## XIII.

Fountains and rills reflect our feeble flame—  
We help the fiercer brutes to hunt their game.  
The Moon's pale radiance would too soon reveal  
The lurking danger which the reeds conceal ;  
But Stars have just enough of light to show  
The cruel spoiler where and when to go.  
When to the distant stream the Giraffe hies,  
The hungry Lion at his life-blood flies ;  
Hid in the jungle near he couches low,  
Watching impatient to inflict the blow ;  
Out from beneath his herbal hiding place  
He starts and leaps, and then begins the chase,  
Till on his back the forest tyrant rides,  
And with his roar his victim's moanings hides ;  
His iron teeth invade his spotted hair ;  
When the red current runs he leaves him there,  
The mangled carcass of a noble beast,  
For meaner creatures to enjoy the feast.

## XIV.

And ye whose optic tubes invade our sky,  
And make your neighbouring planets seem so nigh,  
And multiply our numbers by their power,

When darkened Heavens proclaim the midnight  
hour,

Stretch as ye may to reach our endless chain,  
Or count our number, ye may stretch in vain ;  
For vain their powers a million times as strong,  
You never could scan the borders of our throng ;  
And when the utmost of your skill is spent,  
You've but begun to measure our extent.  
In vain ye try to mete our endless host,  
For in the maze imagination's lost.  
Imagination may conceive an end,  
But dare not say no farther we extend.  
You cannot reach, with all the aids you try,  
The vaster regions of the starry sky.

## XV.

Even in the frigid regions of the Pole  
We sing and shine, the darkness to control ;  
Where icy temples point their glittering spires,  
They, too, reflect the effulgence of our fires.  
Six months the Sun deserts the snow-clad towers,  
Six months the glories of the Heavens are ours ;  
The white Bear hunts upon the hardened wave,  
Where the live Seal has dug his gelid grave.

The Whale plays round the cold, cold regions there,  
Where all would seem but darkness and despair,  
Did not the Heavens our starry hosts detain  
Till the Sun deigns to visit them again.

## XVI.

The vessel glides between two seas congealed,  
Where danger lurks in every wave concealed;  
And when the storms above begin to blow,  
Transparent islands at their biddance go.  
Tossed on the tempest tides, they heave and roar,  
And dash the feeble bark upon the shore;  
The ice-bound shores receive and give the shock,  
Sharper than steel, and harder than the rock;  
The shattered timbers skim the angry waves  
Where crew and captain found their icy graves.  
Still the broad Heavens can shine, and still disclose  
Their bright round points amid these watery woes  
Still the safe Stars, with a continuous song,  
Can move unscathed, and still their notes prolong

## XVII.\*

Aye, and we curve the equatorial climes;  
They, too, attend our merry midnight chimes.

gions there, Where sandy whirlwinds and sirocco storms  
 l despair, Cause death and sickness in a thousand forms,  
 etain The caravan pursues its weary way  
 O'er sandy deserts, where no tribe can stay ;  
 There gales oft blow more dreadful than the main,  
 And heap fierce horrors on the shifting plain ;  
 The unliquid billows bury there the crowd,  
 Wrapt up forever in their dusty shroud.  
 Camels and men, and merchandise and store,  
 Shall no more climb the green Oasis shore,  
 But clasped in Death's embrace, they no more know  
 Fatigue or sorrow in the world below.

## XVIII.

But there are climes more generous in their soil,  
 Where men can live luxuriant without toil,  
 Where Nature spreads her choicest fruits and grains,  
 Warm'd in the sunshine, moistened by the rains ;  
 Where bread-trees blossom, and where bananas grow  
 Unnipped by frost, unwhitened by the snow ;  
 Where oil and milk exude from forest trees,  
 And odours rich are borne upon the breeze ;  
 Even there the influence of our wandering strains  
 Imparts some beauty to those warm domains,

Relieves the oppression of the Solar power,  
And spreads the glory to the midnight hour.

## XIX.

Yet in the tempered climes we love to sing,  
And chant the beauties of an opening spring,  
And gild the drippings of the wild cascades  
Ere Morning Sun has shaped the sylvan shades ;  
Where rural verdure paints the velvet green,  
And pinks and blossoms peep the leaves between ;  
Where fruits and grains are bursting from the soil  
And stalwart swains are resting from their toil,  
And the breeze plays so gently through the grove  
With notes responsive to our songs of love.  
And we can watch the opening of the Day,  
When gentle zephyrs o'er the streamlets play,  
And where the woolly sheep, as yet unshorn,  
Repose or graze, and greet the rising morn.

## XX.

And there are scenes of blood, and strife, and toil  
Left by the Sun on War's polluted soil,  
Where wounded warriors cry for help in vain,  
And star-beams glisten on the prostrate slain.

The cannon now has ceased to belch and roar,  
 And the swift bullet seeks for blood no more ;  
 Swords, helms and rifles strewn among the dead—  
 A host has conquered, and a host has fled.  
 All, all is still where noisy War did reign,  
 The gelid night winds whisper o'er the slain,  
 Where strife and vengeance lately held the sway  
 Throughout the crisis of a bloody day ;  
 There's nought but lead or dying on that plain,  
 There's nought but sorrow, mingled, too, with pain.  
 The fires burn bright, to scare the wolf away,  
 lest the cold earth should lose its lawful prey ;  
 But still the Stars shine bright and cold and clear,  
 Unharm'd and harmless in their high career.

## XXI.

The warrior fleets have met. The strife is o'er.  
 The captured ships, 'twixt captors and the shore,  
 Their shattered forms are tossing on the tide.  
 Even victor ships are shorn of half their pride.  
 Their spars and masts are dancing on the brine,  
 On which the Stars continue still to shine ;  
 And human forms of each contending State  
 Cling to the timbers, saved from sorer fate.



The dead from blood-stained decks are heedless  
thrown,

Each ship disgorging what was once her own.

Down to the pit of wounds the brave are borne,  
Some of their limbs bereft, who on the morn  
Walked proudly on the deck in youthful glee,  
Scorning the foe as oft they scorned the sea,  
When its fierce billows rose in angry roar,  
And seemed to urge them on a rocky shore.

## XXII.

Some widowed mother's darling son is slain,  
Some father's hope is cast into the main  
To feed the hungry sharks, or there decay,  
Dissolving 'neath the starbeams and the spray.  
Some sister's heart shall rend to hear the tale  
Of glory, carried by the speedy mail,  
Which in one bag bears glory to the State,  
Fills a proud Nation with a song elate  
Of conquered foes, and triumphs dearly won,  
But tells the mother she has lost a son,  
The wife a husband, or the maid her love,  
The son a father, borne to realms above,  
Where wars can ne'er disturb the peaceful reign,

For sorrows come to clench the captive's chain.  
But o'er this scene of glory and of blood  
The Stars still twinkle, and adorn the flood ;  
Transparent still, it mocks our brightest hues,  
And light we still can o'er its waves diffuse.

## XXIII.

Our paths are smooth. We never lose our way ;  
We never for a moment make delay,  
But walk the Heavens, and light all lands, and shine  
And spread the knowledge of His power Divine—  
That Power Almighty that has placed us here  
To teach His boundless love, His holy fear.  
These Heavens declare His glory, and proclaim  
And sound the praises of His wondrous name ;  
The firmament his handiwork doth show,  
And teaches Wisdom to the World below.  
No speech or language is there to be found  
Which does not hear the universal sound.

---

## CONCLUSION OF THE SONGS OF THE MORNING STARS

The Songs have ceased. The Starry host no more  
With silent eloquence can give forth tones  
That tremble on the edge of opening day ;  
But still methinks I feel as if the Earth,  
Responsive yet, rejoins with echoes long [choir  
To the sweet strains poured from yon twinkling  
And dwells reverberant on my raptured ear.

Yes, ye are still ! and Day with brightening beams  
Has for the time o'ertuned your morning chimes  
With ruder eloquence. But still you wait  
In silence, and are ready to renew  
Your nightly anthem to Jehovah's praise.

The swift diurnal round again excludes  
Your brilliant throng. The monarch Sun resumes  
His dazzling throne among reflective clouds,  
And silences at once your Starry Songs.

How wonderful to think that He, even He  
Who works such wonders on this darkened mould  
Is in ten thousand Worlds but one small Star,  
Scarce noticed 'mong the millions his compeers ;  
And millions more of midnight Suns ne'er saw  
That Sun which here illumines many a World,

and fructifies them all ; binds fast the chain  
of planetary orbs which here revolve  
in annual circuit round His central fire.  
O wondrous Power Supreme, which can at once  
propel the great astronomy above,  
and the same moment watch the pulses fine  
which in the myriad animaculæ  
beat with a ceaseless motion in their veins,  
and all the elements keep running o'er  
with lives too fine for human eyes to scan.  
Imagination sinks exhausted here !  
This is its highest flight. It flies no more,  
it feels its feebleness and prostrate falls,  
and worships Him who reared these wondrous  
realms.

Sun resum  
clouds,  
gs.  
even He  
kened moul  
mall Star,  
compeers ;  
ne'er saw  
a World,

## ANAL Y

Introdu  
ey with  
ey exh  
ces and  
terday,  
r the S  
pulsion  
alone  
progress  
—Mixer  
ulates c  
praise.  
His g  
g depen  
various  
riminal n  
hold of  
es on the  
ys arise  
eaves, p  
14th  
differen  
s and th  
compara

## ANALYSIS OF THE SHOUTS OF THE SONS OF GOD.

---

Introduction—Who are, and who are not, the Sons of God ?  
They witness creation, and watch its various evolutions. 1st—  
They exhort each other to sing the praise of God ; the dis-  
tances and magnitudes of the Universe. 2nd—They are but of  
yesterday, and know nothing. 3rd—The Worlds spreading  
over the Sea of Space ; each sends out a flood of beams ; their  
repulsion and gravitation. 4th—Exhortation to louder praise ;  
He alone saw the past and rules the future ; they are subjects  
of progress, but He is forever the same and incomprehensible.  
5th—Mixing of fires with fires, and beams with beams ; His  
commands obeyed. 6th—The Universe exhorted to echo back  
the praise. 7th—None can extinguish the blaze, or detract  
from His glory ; He only can grasp the whole, all secondary  
things dependent ; the order of the Universe. 8th—Light and  
various properties. 9th—They first observe this World in  
its primal marine state ; storms, &c. ; no light ; but their faith  
uphold of it as the future abode of Man. 10th—The Spirit  
breathes on the deep, and composes it ; the rocks, mountains and  
islands arise from the water. 11th—The clouds and vapours ;  
leaves, plants and flowers. 12th—The Fishes. 13th—The  
Birds. 14th—The various heights to which the birds can rise ;  
the different localities and various colours. 15th—The Quad-  
rants and their varieties. 16th—These but the lower creatures ;  
their comparative relations and employments.

## ANALYSIS OF THE SHOUTS OF THE SONS OF GOD.

A pause in the Shouts on the announcement of Man's creation.

17th—New songs of praise required ; Man pre-eminent. 18th—Far above the rest, and his superior destiny is thereby proved. distinctive holiness ; Man the last of His works. 19th—Not the last, for his partner is seen issuing from his side ; her superior beauty ; their loveliness ; the power of Love transmitted from Heaven ; their symmetry. 20th—The delight felt by the Sons of God on witnessing their young loves. 21st—The glory shed down on the garden ; its beauty. 22nd—The human the fairest of all forms there ; their primal innocence. 23rd—Day unto day, and night unto night, teaches knowledge of the Divine power. 24th—All the while the planetary orbs move with perfect order and regularity. 25th—The Doxology.

The conclusion of the Shouts of the Sons of God.

TH

Th

Of ki

Dwel

In sel

And n

To liv

Holdin

Are

And s

And li

Speed

No !

Can cl

Who d

From S

Of guil

in robe

in mere

And th

But c

OF GOD.

an's creation  
minent. 18th  
ereby proved,  
19th—No  
his side; he  
f Love trans-  
ne delight fel-  
es. 21st—The  
1—The human  
eence. 23rd—  
nowledge of the  
ary orbs mov-  
oxology.  
od.

## THE SHOUTS OF THE SONS OF GOD.

---

The Sons of God! and who are they so near  
Of kin to Him who in eternity  
Dwelt increate, and shall forever reign  
In self-existent, uncreated might,  
And never was not, and shall never cease  
To live in glorious majesty enthroned,  
Holding the issues of the universe?

Are they the Angelic throng that wait His will,  
And spread His high behests to distant spheres,  
And like a flame of fire His high commands  
Speed to the utmost edge of Worlds remote?

No! they're but servants, for no sonship they  
Can claim, no brotherhood with Him the Son,  
Who died the sons unworthy to release  
From Satan's bondage, and to wash from stains  
Of guilt of blackest dye, and them to clothe  
In robes of dazzling brightness, washed in blood—  
In mercy's proper blood most innocent—  
And then present them Kings and Priests to God.

But of His ancient Sons we now shall sing,



Who never sinned, who watched the wondrous rise  
Of this fair Universe of Sun-lit spheres,  
Of countless Orbs to fill the vacant Vast,  
And crowd the portals of Eternity  
With myriads bursting into being's bliss.

They saw it loom upon the dark domain  
Where nought had ever shone, or dwelt, or moved  
They caught the effulgence of the blended blaze  
Of countless orbs of light, which poured their  
streams

Of glory to the very gates of Heaven.  
They gazed, and with exultant tones they sang  
A welcome shout of gratulation strong.

A Royal race they were. The King of Kings  
Owned them as His, and crowned them with His love  
They sat on dazzling thrones, and worshipped Him  
Their Father and their King. Their brother, He  
Who claimed equality with God himself,  
Begotten, not created like the rest,  
Who owned subjection to His power Supreme.

God-like they sat. Each held his harp and sang  
With holy harmony they hymned His praise,  
Watching each evolution of His will  
As being budded into blissful life;

And as the vacant, vast, eternal Void  
 Was garnished with revolving orbs of light,  
 And worlds created round to share the beams,  
 They shouted loud, and all the new-formed spheres  
 Re-echoed back the loud but solemn tones.

## I.

Shout, all ye <sup>\*</sup>Sons of one eternal Sire !  
 Let each bright harp, and each bright golden wire,  
 Each voice melodious filled with solemn song,  
 Give forth loud notes, and streams of praise prolong.  
 Let Heaven's high arches ring with loudest praise  
 As His right hand these wondrous realms shall raise,  
 And crowd with beauty all the vacant space,  
 Far as our thoughts can reach, or eye can trace;  
 Our strongest wing could never cross these realms—  
 Their vast extent our largest thought o'erwhelms.

## II.

We're but of yesterday, and nothing know ;  
 But while Eternity shall onward flow,  
 His power, His wondrous skill Divine,  
 If orbs shall still remain and shine.  
 They all revolve in circles large or small ;

Each darkened World runs round its parent ball ;  
Each brilliant sphere sends forth a stream of light,  
To measure out their season's day and night,  
Where beings, suited to their tempered climes,  
Can live and move, and taste His love betimes.

## III.

See how the myriad orbs are spreading o'er  
That boundless sea of space we can't explore,  
And from each brilliant orb a flood of beams  
Exhaustless flows, and every moment streams.  
Each on its axis turned, is onward hurled,  
The eccentric Comet, and the circling World ;  
None for a moment wait, and none delay  
To mark the boundaries of each Night and Day.  
These fiery globes, with gravitating power,  
Bind them to measure every lustrous hour ;  
Bend their propulsive force, to make them fly  
In circling orbits through the ethereal sky.

## IV.

Ring out your loudest peals, ye Heaven-toned lyres  
Strain to the full extent melodious wires !  
Let the wide echoing Vast, made vocal, ring

rent ball ;      To Him the increate, creating King !  
 m of light,      He, he alone the Past Eternal saw,  
 ight,      and to the future He alone gives law ;  
 climes,      He, He alone His life from none derives,  
 etimes.      and He alone each changing scene survives.  
                 In progress we, the first fruits of His love,  
                 From age to age ascending steps must prove ;  
 o'er      but He the same has ever been, and still  
 xplore,      remains unaltered, both in power and will—  
 beams      to-day and yesterday, and evermore,  
 streams.      the unfathomed Infinite, without a shore.  
 ted,      No finite mind can comprehend His way—  
 World ;      All came from Him, and all worlds on Him stay.

V.

wer,      Sing loud, ye Sons of God ! Creations rise  
 our ;      on every side around our wondering eyes.  
 hem fly      He works His wonders, and out spring the streams,  
 sky.      commingling fires with fires, and beams with beams  
                 of brilliant light, to cheer His wide domain,  
                 and send His praises back to Heaven again.  
 -toned lyres      far, far and wide He spreads His glory round,  
 res !      at choicest blessings still with us abound.  
 l, ring      All these His power and wisdom still supplies,

And from His throne the power-clad mandate flies  
None can resist it, or His works delay—  
The flaming fires, the solid spheres obey.

## VI.

Now let yon moving mass of light sublime  
Re-echo back from each orbital clime  
Of measured temperature. The notes prolong  
With holy anthems and with solemn song ;  
Proclaim through all these realms the natal day  
Of wondrous worlds that own His sovereign sway  
Glory to God in highest praises sing,  
And with the speed of Light's unwearied wing  
Send out the glory to each distant sphere,  
And spread the bliss that holds its centre here.

## VII.

None can the blaze extinguish. None can dim  
The undivided glory due to Him  
Who gave us power to mark His works sublime,  
And see these works extend through future time.  
None but Himself at once can grasp the whole—  
His power creates, and lights up every soul.  
All secondary beings on Him cling,

Each crown subordinate, or seraph wing.  
 All worship at His feet, and ever shout.  
 The whole vast Universe is filled throughout  
 With awful grandeur, and with beauty, too,  
 With order regular, and measure true.  
 Each orb obeys the stern but just decree—  
 None can beyond its curve escape or flee ;—  
 No ought but its appointed path remove,  
 Marked out by Wisdom, and ordained in Love.

## VIII.

Thou, glorious light ! the offspring of the skies !  
 Ingravitating power, no fall, no rise,  
 No weight, no sound, no touch hast thou at all ;  
 But yet the shape and colour of each ball  
 Each moment thou dost paint, and well portray  
 The darkened shade, the opening of each day.  
 But for thy beams, what could we search or know  
 Of this bright scene, or of these worlds below ?  
 God said, " Let there be Light," and forth it came,  
 Ere these its central orbs were filled with flame—  
 Each atom beam a centre of supply,  
 Thence smaller lustrous sparks still outwards fly.  
 Each orb opaque, however dark it seems,

Can still pour back a reflex flood of beams,  
Varied in shade distinctive, to supply  
A mark to show its own identity.

## IX.

See yon small Worldlet circling round its Sun;  
See it revolve each day or smoothly run.  
Unvaried yet by isle, or cliff, or shore,  
See how its waters storm, and heave, and roar.  
All seems a wilderness of surging storms—  
A shapeless mass its liquid round deforms;  
Unhabitable yet, no life seems there—  
All is the image of but wild despair.  
The billows roll, the whirlwinds o'er them play,  
And all as yet devoid of cheerful day.  
'Tis but the embryo of a future World,  
Where wave on wave, and storm on storm are hurled  
Storm wars with storm, and angry waters roll  
Round its equator, and from pole to pole;  
But yet our faith can grasp a future plan,  
And now imagine the abode of Man.

## X.

The Spirit moves upon the watery wild, [mild  
The storms are hushed, the sea is smoothed and

The warring winds are calm, and dumb and still,  
 Before the fiat of the Almighty's will.  
 But hark ! the Omnific hand is working now,  
 And from the waves the monarch mountain's brow  
 Out from the surge its rocky points arise,  
 And reach the regions of still cloudless skies.  
 Few continents and isles unnumbered show  
 Their varied shapes arising from below.  
 The level sea is cleft, and barren land  
 Between its Oceans now begins to stand  
 A bold relief upon the glassy plain;  
 It now divides and hems the watery main.

## XI.

The waters rise above and sink below  
 The firmament, and cloudy curtains show ;  
 The dingy vapour from the earth upheaves,  
 And spreads its moisture on the painted leaves ;  
 For now the herbage bright is coloured there,  
 The new-raised mount is clad with verdant hair,  
 The flowery vales are spread with juicy stems,  
 And banks and slopes the winding river hems ;  
 The forest trunks, of varied size and hue,  
 Offsetts the sameness of the Ocean's blue ;



The fruitful boughs, with pink and white, display  
The promise blossoms of a future day ;  
The flowery meads in richest glory crowned,  
And robes of beauty clothe the naked ground ;  
The glassy lake reflects the azure blue,  
Bespotted o'er with moving clouds so true.

## XII.

But mark the deep! Though still and smooth it  
seems,

With finny tribes the fecund water teems :  
Abundantly the liquid mass brings forth ;  
Its warmest zones,—its icy South and North  
Send out their swarms, some naked and some bound  
In shell of curious shape, both square and round ;  
But all so well adapted there to play  
Their merry gambols through the salted spray.  
Though winds should roar, and tempests ride the gale,  
The tiny herring, and the strong-built whale,  
The coral millions, and the creeping throng,  
Can live and move, and still their joys prolong.

## XIII.

But mark ! what plumes are these of varied hue  
Rising by millions from the briny blue ?

And spreading o'er the isles, and vales, and meads,  
 And skimming o'er the lakes 'mong swampy reeds ?  
 What notes are these, so varied and so sweet,  
 Rising all round, the sunny morn to greet ?  
 Though far below the notes of Seraph tone,  
 They still can please, united or alone ;  
 They show the Almighty's skill combined with  
     power,  
 And sound His glory every lustrous hour  
 By choirs of every tone and sound, to show  
 That Love's extended to that world below.

XIV.

Some move in high gyrations, and outspring  
 The highest mountains with unwearied wing ;  
 Whilst some, contented with a humbler flight,  
 Around the shrub-clad vales and trees delight  
 To wave their plumes, and chant their twittering  
     song,  
 And morn and eve their jovial notes prolong  
 To Earth and Heaven. Both high and low, the swell  
 Of Nature's music suits both scenes so well ;  
 With varied notes, with many coloured plumes,  
 Each tribe melodious different dress assumes,—

Some light, some dark, some yellow and some blue  
And plumes bedipped with gold, bedazzling, too;  
But all enjoy their being as they rove  
O'er hill and valley, and from grove to grove.

## XV.

But mark the varied quadrupedal throng  
That walk the Earth, and scour the plains along  
With silent tread, or loud and piercing roar,  
They rise from Earth, and dwell from shore to shore  
Some clothed with furs, to shield them in the clime  
Where Arctic blasts shall blow through future time  
And some are clothed in light fantastic hues,  
Where tropic beams their genial warmth diffuse  
Some striped, or spotted, and some sober grey,  
Some walk at night, and some employ the day  
To bask in brightness, or to graze the mead,  
And on its herbal green to sport and feed.

## XVI.

These are the lower creatures of his power;  
They all partake his bounty every hour,  
They move, they sing, they fly, or dive or swim,  
And build up levels to the ocean's brim.

d some blue  
zzling, too;  
o grove.  
ong  
lains along  
g roar,  
shore to shore  
n in the clime  
h future time  
ic hues,  
nth diffuse  
ber grey,  
y the day  
mead,  
feed.  
ower;  
ur,  
e or swim,  
m.

All sublunary scenes are living now,  
The Ocean's caverns, and the Mountain's brow,  
Are filled with lives of every needful form,  
The massive elephant, and tiny worm,  
The whale which navigates from zone to zone,  
The polypi enchained to native stone;  
The serpent draws its length with many a wind,  
Leaving no foot-prints on its track behind;  
The steeds and zebras scour the grassy plains,  
The groves and thickets ring with warbled strains;  
Ten thousand sweet varieties of sound  
Burst from the isles and shores, and all around.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Each harp was silent, for the Omnipotent tones  
Were heard, and rang along the arch sublime  
With solemn accents mild. The harps unstrung  
Were laid aside, each royal head discrowned,  
While from the Glory Excellent came forth  
Creative words, that told that Man was formed.  
Each rose and bowed, and raised his harp on high,  
And with a shout exultant rent the Heavens;  
They toned afresh the gold, melodious wires,  
Singing the welcome of completed worlds.

## XVII.

Harps of Eternity, discourse new songs  
To Him to whom Eternity belongs.  
Shout ! shout, ye Sons of God, nor silent be  
While scenes like these we're honoured here to see  
Glory to God through endless ages pour,  
And let your tones exalt Him more and more.  
The wide creation now completed stands,  
The finished work of His unwearied hands ;  
And Man, the prince of that prolific scene,  
Stands now erect, the Heavens and Earth between  
Endowed with reason, with vice-regal power,  
To wield the sceptre every lustrous hour.  
He stands pre-eminent above the whole,  
And names all creatures under his control.

## XVIII.

How far above the rest he stands erect,  
Views Heaven and Earth with countenance direct  
In innocence, and purity of mind,  
Distinctive holiness from every kind  
Of lower creatures he's at once removed ;—  
By this his destiny's sublimely proved.  
He stands the Sovereign of that lower sphere,

As we are Kings, yet serve with holy fear  
 The King of Kings ; we serve, and yet enjoy ;  
 The powers He gave us faithfully employ  
 In His blest service ; cheerfully we give  
 The praise to Him by whom we reign and live,  
 To see His empire spreading o'er the Vast—  
 Man, of His workmanship the glorious last.

XIX.

No ! not the last ! for see from out his side  
 How beautiful his partner seemed to glide.  
 More graceful still, the gentler of the two  
 Stands there to his and our enraptured view ;  
 Stands there the Queen of all these lower scenes,  
 And on her happy partner blushing leans.  
 See ! how expressive is their smile of love !  
 Its power transmitted from our realms above.  
 How perfect is their symmetry designed !  
 The image fresh from the Eternal Mind ;  
 With motions easy, and expressive mien ;  
 Their kindly words we hear, though far between  
 Our blest abode and that far distant sphere ;  
 Their new-taught eloquence we love to hear.

## XX.

Oh ! from their young loves what delight we draw  
Such perfect beauty bending to Love's law ;  
Whilst round the garden each bright floweret gay  
Sends up its sweets, and blushing owns the day,  
The nuptial day, when they twain are made one,  
In flesh, in purpose, and forever drawn  
By cords of love, so soft and yet so strong.  
Each owns to each, " Henceforth I but belong  
Exclusively to thee, sole partner of my joy ;  
Henceforth no more my own, I will employ  
My tenderest thoughts to gain and hold thy love,  
And worthy of its strong emotions prove ;"  
Whilst both conjoined shall rise in reverent awe,  
And worship to the Author of love's law ;  
And while each life, upheld by Sovereign power,  
Enjoys the blessings of each rapturous hour,  
Gives back the glory in a stream sublime,  
That flows and gathers strength through future time

## XXI.

Down on the blissful scene the glory pours,  
And sheds its splendour on the winding shores  
Of the bright river, and its meandering rills,

And sun-lit beauty all the garden fills ;  
 The tempered breezes o'er the waters play,  
 And waves and ripples dance the live-long day ;  
 The flowerets bloom, the fragrance mixes there,  
 And healthful odours spread throughout the air ;  
 The fruitage falls, or tinted blossoms fade,  
 Their varied colours checked with verdant shade ;  
 The living forms move on from scene to scene,  
 And crop the blades of wholesome herbage green.

XXII.

But fairer far, the Human form Divine  
 In naked brightness doth in glory shine ;  
 Erect it stands, or bows in awe profound  
 Before Heaven's King, and consecrates the ground ;  
 A holy temple filled with worship pure,  
 In primal innocence they still endure  
 The slight forbiddance of the central tree  
 Sacred to abstinence. They still shall be  
 The favoured son and daughter of Heaven's King,  
 And morn and eve shall of His wonders sing ;  
 The groves shall listen, and the cliffs reply.  
 In echoing harmony shall mount on high  
 The praises poured from hearts to love so formed,



Each sacred duty cheerfully performed ;  
Thus from the Earth their holy songs shall rise,  
And anthems sweet shall emulate the skies.

## XXIII.

Day unto day shall speak of wondrous power,  
Night unto night teach knowledge every hour ;  
The Heavens shall smile through all their glittering  
    hosts,  
And Ocean shall repeat through all her coasts,  
The glory writ in golden letters bright,  
The Sun by day, the Moon and Stars by night ;  
The arch sublime of Heaven inverted lies,  
And moving clouds traverse the painted skies ;  
The Sun shall warm and fructify the plains,  
Well watered by the timely dews and rains ;  
Blessed by God, the seeds shall sprout and fill  
The slanting valley and the towering hill ;  
Till o'er the whole the flocks shall roam and play,  
Repose by night, and pasture find by day.

## XXIV.

But all the while, the wondrous wheels of Time,  
The planetary orbs, shall march sublime

Through the wide Vast, and in elliptic flight  
 Their seasons mark alternate day and night ;  
 By each successive round's unerring way  
 Its needful changes on the Earth display,  
 The wisdom of His plan who marked the bounds,  
 And kept the planets in their various rounds,  
 That none can intercept its sister's train,  
 But walk in state along the ethereal plain ;  
 Each shall accomplish what His will designed,  
 And write the records of the Eternal Mind.

XXV.

Shout, all ye Sons of God ! The work is done !  
 Praise God the Father and adore the Son ;  
 Praise God the Spirit, moving o'er the deep,  
 When its wild waters rose from out the sleep  
 Of non-existence, heaved with startled roar,  
 Ere yet its waves were bounded by a shore,  
 Ere promontories pierced its yielding sides,  
 Or marked the margin of its Moon-made tides.  
 Admire His wisdom, and adore His might,  
 That orders all things and directs aright ;  
 Those mighty orbs, and their revolving spheres,  
 That measure out their days, and nights, and years.

Praise Him, thou Sun, as light and heat shall flow,  
 Down from thy central fire on worlds below;  
 Thou Moon and Stars, His glory still proclaim,  
 And spread the knowledge of His wondrous name  
 Till Time shall be no more, and Death shall die,  
 And all things stamped with immortality.

---

CONCLUSION OF THE SHOUTS OF THE SONS OF GOD.

---

With wearied wing, the Muse descends again,  
 And seeks repose, after a flight so far;  
 So measureless the wilderness of thought,  
 Untravelled yet by Angel or by Man.  
 No further she essays to fly, but turns  
 Back on the solid sublunary sphere  
 From whence she took her flight. Enough is there  
 To furnish feelings for Eternity,  
 And fill the most capacious mind with praise.

Where is the spot, howe'er minute it seems,  
 So fractional, divided and dissolved,  
 Divided or dismembered, and unseen  
 By eyes of insect or of animalculæ,  
 In which the space is so confined or short  
 That room and width to spare cannot be found  
 For the wide workings of Omnipotence?

Look on the air! The air is full of lives  
Too small to send their shadows from the Sun.  
Look on the Sea! Its waters are alive  
With beings smaller far than sunbeams split,  
Diverging and dividing evermore.

Look on each tiny blade! You there behold  
A populated world of wonders full,  
And teeming with the works of Him who raised  
The towering arches of the Etherial Dome,  
And numbers all the millionaire throug  
Of giant spheres that send their brightening beams  
Through the transparent vast of vacant space.

All! all is full of God! His power unfolds  
Each moment fresh varieties of life,  
And recreates, and nourishes and fills  
Each life with smaller lives; successive pours  
Fresh beauty on enfoliated stems;  
And though the surging storms and winter's frosts  
Seem to entomb them, and enchain at once  
The living streams, and all that they contain  
Of life and beauty in ten thousand shapes,  
Yet from a fire far distant sends a blaze  
Of healthful warmth,—reanimates, renews  
Its fine pulsations, its productive powers.

All here but live to die, and die to live,  
Successive in posterities upraised  
And quickened, reconstructed from the wreck  
Of dead ancestral dust again embreathed,  
With the same air that once sustained their sires  
In all preceding ages of the past ;  
Air ready to inflate the unformed cells  
Of lungs as yet unfashioned from the clay.

The leaflet dies, and the fair flower of Morn  
Lies withering on the sod ; its colours fade,  
Its fragrance is dispersed, its substance changed,  
But on its withered, wasting form a race  
Of animated insect life upsprings,  
And feeds upon its now dissected veins, [gorge  
And draws new life-blood from what Death dis

Aye ! and the Spirit-world surrounds it all,  
Invisible, intangible, unseen,  
Unknown to us, but knowing us, perhaps,  
Far better than we ever knew ourselves.  
The guardian Angel's eye the steps secure  
Of all the safe inheritors of Heaven,  
Till o'er the billows and defeated storms  
That gather round the portals of the grave,  
They mount and leave this ever-shifting scene,  
To meet the immortal millions round the Throne

## ANALYSIS OF THE ANTE-MUNDANE STATE.

---

The mind of God alone filled the Vast. Where could a blank stand? No measurement. Without an angle or base. Immense, yet nowhere. Shapeless and motionless, yet not dead, as life was yet ungranted.

No light. No darkness. The Orbs of Heaven unhung. Knowledge, and feeling, and sight, were absent. None call to be created, or aspire to be born. The various negatives.

The curiosity of a verse that tries to express the "backward march of an Eternity."

The impossibility of trying to paint the Map of Nothing. The wonder of attempting it.

Though poetic numbers cannot express it, the fancy is cheered by them in looking back on the waste behind.

Non-existence lies motionless, waiting the Divine command, and pays dumb worship to His unexpressed will.

The daring and presumption of looking on the Past, or meditating on the eternal conceptions of the Divine Mind enthroned between two eternities. Knowing and unknown. The uncircumferenced centre, from whence all being first moves.

God felt not alone, for all the future was as near Him as the present and the past. We cannot tell when He first began to create, or that no older creations existed before this.

The first Eternity known to God alone. What is annihilation? More cold and dismal than death, and destitute of the

# 86 ANALYSIS OF THE ANTE-MUNDANE STATE.

consolations of Christianity. But the Muse must revert to the Past. The gloom that pervades the mind on exploring it. No constellations to guide in navigating it. The expansion of thought necessary to conceive of its vastness. The measures of Eternity fail. The negatives of past Eternity enumerated. Pride rebuked in view of the Past. How comparatively small the time of human greatness. How small the point it occupies. The proud exhorted to compare their dates with the Past, and to think of Him who raised them from the clod, and drew even that from Nothing. God needed but to hold back His arm, and nought had been.

No  
Expa  
Of pa  
A bla  
1  
No ci  
The re  
A side  
Witho  
Unpoi  
All wa  
ingras  
A shap  
All mo  
For no  
For de  
Life la  
No l  
Ion lu  
in the

THE STATE.

must revert to the  
exploring it. N  
the expansion  
The measure  
nity enumerated  
comparatively sh  
point it occupie  
h the Past, an  
d, and drew eve  
ack His arm, an

## THE ANTE-MUNDANE STATE.

---

Nought save the Mind Eternal filled the Vast  
Expanse of emptiness,—the boundless blank  
Of past Eternity. But where could stand  
A blank, where all was blank, and nought was  
limned?

No circumscribed admeasurements enclosed  
The rounding of that hollowness uncurved ;  
A sideless hollow and a squareless cube,  
Without an angle, and unbased it rose,  
Unpointed as unsolid and unsquared.  
All was. And all was not. A thingless thought  
Ingraspably immense, yet nowhere found ;  
A shapeless, topless, bottomless concave,  
All motionless and still ; though nought was dead,  
For nought as yet had lived ; and Death's unknown,  
For deaths are but the negatives of lives.  
Life lay ungranted in the Will Supreme.

No light was there. No darkness threw its shade  
Yon lustrous orbs were all as yet unhung  
In the void concave of the unvaulted skies.



None knew, none saw, none felt the viewless Vast  
None mourned the want of being, and none called  
To be created, for no wish had heaved  
With craving wants ambitiously to soar  
To the strange eminence of being born,  
And bursting from the womb of emptiness  
Into the sunshine of substantial life.

Untenanted Eternity lay stretched  
In dreary waste and solitude sublime,  
Under the single glance of God's own eye.  
No song of praise as yet had rung the void,  
Unechoing arches of Eternity.  
Dumb Nothing's voiceless and unwakened sleep  
Still held unrevolutionary reign.

Nature—that transcript of the Eternal Mind—  
Anticipated not her wondrous launch  
In the substantial being which she took,  
When raptures from the morning stars arose,  
And measured anthems from the infant choirs  
Of God's own sons, in ecstasies of joy  
Greeting in gladness as they met the embrace  
Of fellow-travellers on the road of bliss.

Thus Nothing stood, if standing could be called  
When motion was not, and when matter still

Was immatured and unsubstantiated ;  
A baseless, boundless, bottomless profound,  
An unideal void intangible,  
Unseen, unfelt, unknowing and unknown,  
Save by the Omniscience of the Mind Supreme.

Baseless abyss of being unbegun !  
O could I comprehend or near express  
The backward march of an Eternity,  
The unborn essence of the Evermore,  
Beginningless, foundationless expanse  
Of that which was ere anything could be,  
I'd call my verse a curiosity—

The monster of poetic pictures rare.

Could numbers paint in lineless colours cold  
The Map of Nothing, or that shoreless sea  
From whence this continent of being rose  
Obedient to the voice Omnipotent,  
What miracle could emulate the Muse  
Which thus sings nothing on a stringless lyre ?

Though no harmonic numbers can express  
The negative of being, or give sound  
To the dumb echoes of the primal void  
Of Non-existence, yet the well-toned wires  
Of measured song may cheer the quivering wings

Of Fancy fluttering round the edge of Fate,  
 And gazing on the woeful waste behind.  
 Unbreathing Non-Existence lay unfledged,  
 Unmotioned, waiting the command Supreme  
 To start to life successive in the forms  
 Of varied being, and with reverence,  
 Dumb worship paid, His will still unexpressed.

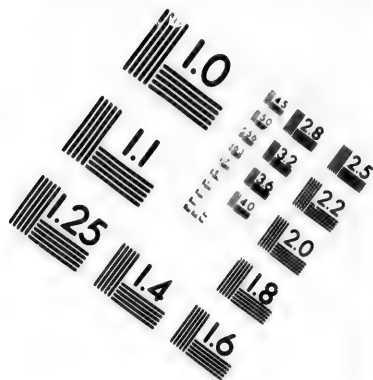
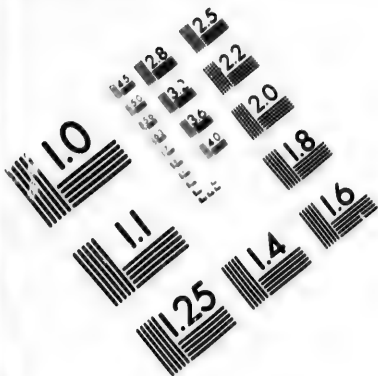
And shall I dare, with Fancy's feeble ray,  
 To gaze in ecstasy of stolen thought  
 O'er the far regions of unworlded space,  
 Or waken Nothing's yet unwaked repose?  
 Or, more presumptuous, shall I dare to scan  
 The eternal visions of the Mind enthroned  
 For ever between two Eternities?  
 Knowing eternally, and yet unknown;  
 Seeing eternally, and yet unseen;  
 Loving before His love could be returned;  
 A radiant centre uncircumferenced,  
 From whence all beings move in mystic lines,  
 And whence immortals take their forward flight  
 And thread the mazes of unending life.

The Three One God, throughout the unpeopled  
     past  
 Of non-existing being's backward tide,

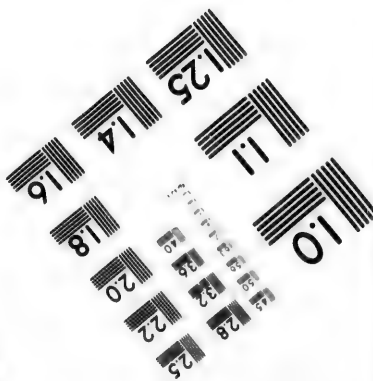
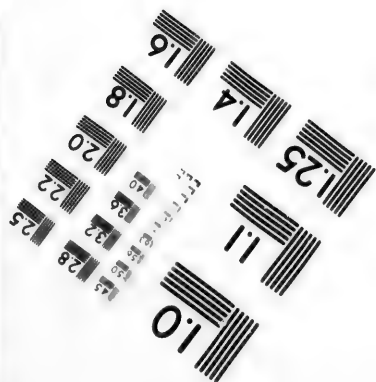
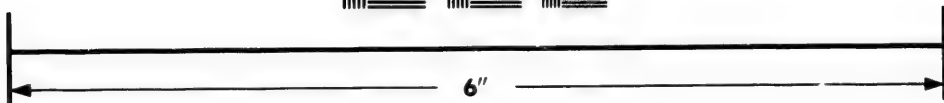
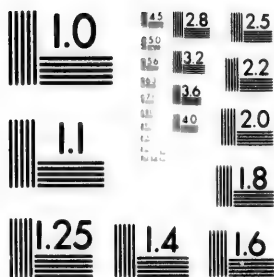
Felt not alone, for all the future lay  
As near him as the present and the past.  
He felt the weight of all Futurity  
With equal pressure on His balance true:  
And can we tell how long since first He slung  
A secondary being from the grasp  
Of His creating energy immense?  
Or say, at what a distance from this hour  
Stood the far island on the sea of space?  
Or, that no elder-born creation lay  
In the wide bowels of Infinity  
Ere yon bright arch was hung with globes of gold,  
And gravitation linked its jewelled chains?

The first Eternity was known alone  
By Him, whose double empire claims the two;  
The second is revealed to countless throngs  
Of beings knowing but of yesterday.  
To them the Past is unexplorable;  
The future, certain in unmeasured length,  
Holds all immortals fast in being chained,  
From which they never, never will unloose,  
Or leap from Life back on nonentity,  
And reach annihilation's gloomy shore.

Annihilation, what art thou? A grave—



# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

13 28  
16 32 25  
18 22  
20  
18

11  
10  
11

The yawning sepulchre of sepulchres, [death.  
More cold, more drear, more dead than common  
Hope-killing creed, this monster thou hast dressed,  
To veil its retribution from the world,  
And make men hope that hopes shall all expire,  
And Non-Existence heave its iron jaws,  
To swallow at one gorge the race of Man.

Annihilation ! O thou miry tomb  
Of thought, and hope, and life, and love, and joy !  
Thou arch extinguisher of happiness !  
Thou worse than sting of death ! Thou sting of life !  
Forever stinging, but without the balm  
Of consolation, that blest anodyne  
Which springs from Heaven-born hope  
Of glorious immortality's bright scenes.

But as our Muse is destined on the Past  
To gaze, and sing the emptiness unseen  
By Angels, let us leave just now the field  
Of wide Futurity, and on the rear  
Of being throw the strains of backward song,  
And serenade the Night of Nothing's reign.

O what a gulf of gloom endrowns the mind  
That struggles to explore back turning tides,  
Where landmarks never meet the weary eye

Of mental vision, and where billows roll,  
Wrapt up in shades where shadows cannot fall ;  
And where (unlike our Ocean's level blue)  
No constellations guide the Timoneer, [shore  
Whose venturous bark has borne him from the  
Of warm reality and living life. [room!

Stretch the thoughts out ! Give contemplation  
Spread Fancy's fiery wings and soar on high !  
Send the conceptions back behind all dates  
Accountable in retrograde chronology !  
These millionaire cycles unbesunnet,  
Square back and cube the millionth of their powers,  
And that again recube as many times  
As there are grains within ten thousand worlds,  
And multiply it still by sunbeams sent  
From all the suns that star the midnight heavens ;  
And to the sum let cyphers stand in line,  
Far as the farthest bounds of all the thought  
That man or Angel ever did conceive,  
And still you barely touch the nearest edge  
Of either of these two Eternities,  
And stand as far as ever from extremes.

Unpopulous Eternity behind,  
Thou layedst in state, unlighted and unwaked !  
No sound, no touch, no taste, no smell hadst thou ;

.



No feeling and no thought, no retrospect,  
And no anticipation of coming storms,  
No premonitions of adversity.  
No fabled fancies of the Future fawned  
To soothe thee in thy present woeful want ;  
No truth, no lies, no witchery of sense.  
Folly or wisdom thou hadst none at all ;  
No war, no peace, no holy leagues allied  
To chain the march of thought, or fix more firm  
A race of tyrants on their tottering thrones.

Barren and bare thine uninvaded realms  
Lay unluxuriantly waste, incultivate,  
Unploughed, unfurrowed, and unirrigated,  
Unsunned, unripened, and unharvested.  
With nothing laid in store thou fearedst no want ;  
And though improvident, thou neededst not ;  
Thou feltst not famine, and thou fearedst no plagues.

No revolutions with volcanic power  
Broke up thy silent reign, or threw the sparks  
Upon the magazine of mischief stored  
In dark recesses of the breast of Man.  
All, all was tranquil as a grave  
Where nought was buried, or a charnel house  
With door unopened to receive the dead.

Ye proud possessors of this paltry world,

Who prance and plume yourselves upon the toys  
Which Heaven's permission for a while bestows !  
Who stalk along the road that leads to Death,  
That great receiver-general of debts  
Due by us mortals to Mortality,  
Think, think how short the measure of your joy ;  
And if you dare not look at scenes before,  
Where long futurity shall hold you bound  
Forever fast in retribution just,  
Look back—perhaps your cowardice will bear  
To view with less alarm the pristine Past,  
The vast, vast void from whence your glory grew,  
And whence your brittle empire was reclaimed.

Look back six thousand years, or more, perhaps,  
For dates have ciphers in infinitude.

Look back behind creation ! View the vaults  
Of mouldering emptiness, which, unexplored,  
Held the great Nothing from which all things came.

Look back ! Compare your yesterdays of time  
With the broad blank of Past Eternity,  
And learn your littleness, unlearn your pride.  
Let Nothing's nakedness your trappings shame,  
And glean humility in emptiness.

You do not count your pedigrees enough ;  
Just near enough to foster boastful thoughts.

You think of grandsires gathered to their tombs,  
And make their virtues jewels in your crowns,  
Or broad indulgence for your present sins.

But oh, look back behind their births, and see  
How narrow was the point both you and they  
Could occupy upon this infant orb.  
Compare your dates of temporary glare  
With the still cycles when your name was not;  
Think of Infinitude, and learn to bow  
Before that Power which raised you from the clod,  
And wrenched that clod from Nothing's firm  
embrace.

And was it thus your pride ignobly slept,  
Long after worlds and systems had outsprung  
From the wide womb of the Eternal Vast?  
Unfathomable emptiness, where God alone  
Unworshipped reigned, and needed but hold back  
His arm creative, and nought else had been,  
And all the tinsel of your transient hour  
Had never mocked the golden beams of Day.

Your crests, your scutcheons, and your liveried  
train,  
And your proud selves had never waked or moved  
But undistinguished and unenvied slept  
A dreamless dead—dead mass of Emptiness.

TE.

to their tombs,  
our crowns,  
at sins.  
irths, and see  
u and they

clare  
ne was not;  
ow  
from the clod,  
Nothing's firm

ly slept,  
outsprung  
l Vast?  
d alone  
but hold back  
ad been,  
hour  
s of Day.  
your liveries

aked or moved  
lept  
mptiness.